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possible such as would to some extent take their place.

Such a method is already being used in parts of this country, being, for example, one of the features of the famous "Gary system" in Indiana, and it is an old and familiar one in other parts of the world. In any community where the churches should unite to demand the co-operation of the public-school authorities and prepare to put this system into practice they could establish it.

In colleges and universities under *private* control and Christian influence courses in religion and its applications

to the social, economic, and other fundamental problems of life should be given by competent professors and required of all students. In state institutions such courses should be given as electives. In schools of higher education the principles of sociology and political economy which I have advocated could readily be and to some extent are now being taught in courses in social and economic science. But it is essential that in all such schools the fundamental principles of Christianity, historical and philosophical, should be *effectively* taught and their direct social applications indicated.

CHRISTIAN AND JEW AT THE FRONT

RABBI LEE J. LEVINGER

First Lieutenant, Chaplain, United States Army

To those of us who have had the privilege of serving with the United States Army abroad, religious unity, co-operation between denominations, is more than a far-off ideal. We know under what circumstances and to what extent it is feasible, and just how it deepens and broadens the religious spirit in both chaplain and soldier. We have passed beyond the mutual tolerance of the older liberalism to the mutual helpfulness of the newer devoutness. Our common ground is no longer the irreducible minimum of doctrine which we share; it is the practical maximum of service which we can render together. Perhaps I was in a critical position to experience this, as

the only Jewish chaplain in the Twenty-seventh Division; my duty was to minister to the men of Jewish faith throughout the various units of our division, with the friendly co-operation of the twenty other chaplains of various faiths. And I was able to do my work among the Jews, and to a certain extent among the Christians also, simply because these Protestant and Catholic chaplains were equally friendly and helpful to me and my scattered flock. Not by mutual tolerance but by mutual helpfulness we were able to serve together the thousands of soldiers who needed us all.

It is a commonplace that as men grow acquainted they naturally learn

to respect and to like one another. When a Jew from the East Side of New York, who had never known well any Gentile except the corner policeman, and a Kentucky mountaineer, who had been reared with the idea that Jews have horns, are put into the same squad both of them are bound to be broadened by it. And, provided both of them are normal, average boys, as they are likely to be, they probably become "buddies," to the great advantage of both of them. In the army and especially in overseas service men go to the nearest chaplain and the most convenient welfare organization for any service except worship, and in case of emergency even for that. I have come to a base hospital on a Friday night for an advertised Jewish service only to find the Red Cross room crowded with every kind of men, including four negroes in the front row. The men came there, as they did every night, as the only place for the convalescents to have a change from the ward, and they stayed for a church service as they would have done for a concert or a minstrel show. And, let me add, I have never had a more responsive audience anywhere than these boys were to my message from home, as I was then a new arrival in France.

I think of the five of us chaplains who were in charge of the burial work of our division at St. Souplet after the last drive of our division. Under Father Kelly, the senior chaplain present, there were a Baptist, a Christian, a Jew, and a Christian Scientist, each with the same duties of searching the field for the dead, commanding

details to bring in the bodies, and interring them in the little cemetery on a hill overlooking the village and the battlefield. In the evenings after our sad labor was done the five of us would sit about the grate fire, singing, playing checkers—yes, and discussing religion, each stating the viewpoint of his church while the others asked the honest, friendly questions of brothers in labor and in arms. After our cemetery was completed we held a joint burial service there, five minutes each of Jewish, Protestant, and Catholic service, with the bugle sounding "taps" for all our American dead lying there together.

My last duty before leaving France was to bury four sailors who had been drowned just outside the harbor of Brest. I was asked to conduct the funeral service, as the only chaplain who happened to be at hand, so that we there had the rare experience of a Jew burying four Christians, as well as an army chaplain conducting a naval funeral. Such incidents as these are not exceptional at the front or among men who have been at the front and have learned its lesson; I give them rather because they are typical. The men who have been under fire together have grown to overlook differences as barriers between man and man. They know the many times that their lives have depended on the courage and loyalty of the next man in the line—be he rich or poor, learned or ignorant, pious or infidel, virtuous or wicked. They have grown to respect men for themselves, to serve them for themselves alone. As the men use any stationery that comes to hand, writing home indif-

ferently on paper labeled Y.M.C.A., or K. of C., or Salvation Army, or Red Cross, or Jewish Welfare Board, as they attend a picture show or boxing match under any auspices or are willing to help at any of the huts that serve them, so the welfare workers and the chaplains overlook one distinction after another, at the end serving all alike and regarding their status as soldiers alone.

As I said above, the logical climax of friendly co-operation comes when ministers of different faiths assist each other in their own work. I shall never forget a day last October when I met a Baptist chaplain belonging to our division. "Hello," he said, "I've just come to headquarters here to look for you and a priest." "All right, what can I do for you?" "Well," was his reply, "our battalion goes into the line tonight, and I wanted the Jewish and Catholic boys to have their services, too. If you can come over at four o'clock, I'll have the priest come at six." And so I came there at four, to find the fifteen Jewish soldiers grouped about a large tree near the battalion headquarters; the chaplain had notified them all. And, as the barn was both dirty and crowded, we held our little service there under the tree, even though the rain began in the middle of it. Two of those boys did not come back three days later, and one was cited for heroism, so that I have often remembered the immeasurable service which the co-operation of the chaplains had meant for the men.

On a minor scale such things took place constantly. One day, in a rest area, I not only went to the Y.M.C.A. man, who arranged for my services in

the schoolhouse, and to a Jewish corporal, who passed the word around to the men of my faith, but I arranged also that the "Y" man should conduct the Protestant service the following Sunday, and that the Catholic chaplain on coming should find arrangements made for his confessions and mass. One of the classic stories of the war is that of Chief Rabbi Bloch, of Lyons, a chaplain in the French Army, who met his death before Verdun in the early days of the war while holding a cross before a dying Catholic lad. The incident was related by the Catholic chaplain of the regiment, who saw it from a little distance. But by the time the gigantic struggle was over such incidents had become almost commonplace. I, for one, have read psalms at the bedside of dying Christian soldiers. I was in a first-aid post once when the physician called me. "Captain Connor is going to die," he said, "and the priest is not here." So I borrowed the rosary from the surgeon, who was himself a Catholic, held it before the wounded officer, and saw him breathe his last in peace.

Every chaplain in France has had the same experience. When I first arrived I was one of thirty-five chaplains assembled at the chaplains' headquarters for instruction and assignment. Our evening service was conducted in front of the quaint, angular chateau on a level lawn surrounded by straight rows of poplars. One evening Chaplain Paul Moody, of the Senior Chaplain's office, gave us an inspirational appeal derived from his own experience and his observation of so many successful chaplains at the front. Afterward, informally, a Catholic told us briefly what we should

do in case we found a dying Catholic in the hospital or on the field, with no priest at hand. Then I was asked how best the others might minister to a Jewish soldier in extremity. I repeated to them the old Hebrew confession of faith, *Shema Yisroel adonoi elohenu adonoi echod*, "Hear O Israel, the Lord is our God, the Lord is One." I told them to lead the boy in reciting it, or if necessary just to say it for him, and the next morning when I brought down copies of the words for them all I was deeply touched by their great eagerness to have them and to know them. These men did not go out to convert others to their own view of truth and life; they were ready to serve pious souls and to bring God's presence near to all. Christian ministers were eager to help Jews to be better Jews; rabbis were glad to help Christians to be better Christians. We learned amid the danger and the bitterness to serve God and man, not in opposition and not even in toleration, but in true helpfulness toward one another.

It is hardly surprising that such co-operation strengthened men in loyalty to their own faith. As the soldiers saw the military rank of all the chaplains, and their influence everywhere in the interests of the men, as they saw men of other faiths coming to their chaplain because of his loved personality or his high standing, as they saw the official bulletins announcing religious services of different faiths at different hours but under the same auspices, they grew to respect themselves and their own faith a little more. A young man is likely to be defiant or apologetic about being religious unless he sees religion, including his religion, respected by his comrades

and his commanding officers. Therefore this mutual service, instead of weakening the religious consciousness of the various groups, rather strengthened it. Men grew to respect themselves more as they respected others more; they became stronger in their own faith as they became more understanding of others. The five chaplains at the burial detail did not give up their own ideas, but they did learn more about the others' faiths, and they certainly learned to respect each other profoundly as workers, as ministers, and as men. Thus our mutual friendship and our mutual help became the foundation of all our efforts for the men, religious, personal, and military. We held stated meetings under the chairmanship of the senior chaplain of the division. We did our work together as parts of one church, the United States Army. I remember the astonishment of a French priest when I explained to him that the senior chaplain of the Le Mans area was a Catholic priest. I had to go into considerable detail, showing how in some organizations the head was a Protestant and in one division a Jew. Finally he grasped it, replying, "*C'est la liberté.*" As a Frenchman it was difficult for him to understand the religious liberty which means co-operation and friendship; the only religious liberty he had known was based on hostility and intolerance of all religion. In France liberty is in a way irreligious; to us who have served in the United States Army it is the highest type of religion. It is religion in action, religion to all men, religion of every creed and of every rite, united under God for the welfare of his creatures.